

Slowly he reached forward and took the silver piece from me. Quickly, as though it burned his fingers, he hurled it from him down the hill. I heard it cut the leaves, strike a tree, clink against a stone!

My father stood grasping the guard-rail with both hands, staring into the twilight. Suddenly a hissing whisper cut from his lips—urged from his heart by a sorrow he had not yet learned to accept—"Blood-money!" And breathing quickly, he repeated it: "Blood-money!"

I stood wide-eyed and unafraid, watching him. My heart tried to justify his action—my mind refused his whisper.

After a moment he shook himself and took a step toward home. Then with a gesture of recollection he turned toward me, and we went on together.

Half-way home he looked down at me with one of his rare, sweet smiles: "Jimmy, I've just remembered something. I've owed you this for quite a little while." Drawing his hand from his pocket, he gave me a silver dollar.

## As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

OF all the new books I have seen this year, the most important and the one that most clearly appears to be of permanent value is the fifth volume of David Alec Wilson's monumental *Life of Carlyle*, which bears the title "Carlyle to Threescore-and-Ten," and has for its frontispiece a fine portrait of Voltaire—whom many people believe to be the Real Hero of "Frederick the Great." This is the younger Voltaire, rejoicing in the plenitude of his powers, his expression serenely confident; years later his face took on that chronic acid smile, a kind of diabolical annotation on the margin of the book of life. There are smiles and smiles; the Laughing Cavalier's is a danger signal; Mona Lisa's is a peepshow of the Garden of Happiness with the grill-gate locked and the key hid; Voltaire's seems

to say, "You will go on guessing, but there is nothing to guess. The final solution of all the elaborate philosophical mountains of conjecture and surmise is Zero."

Mr. Wilson believes in Thomas Carlyle and in all his works. This is his own comment on Carlyle's *History of Frederick*:

"It is like a movie-picture of eighteenth-century life, and may be called the best epic in the world, if epic be taken in its widest meaning of a history of events. It is as vivid as Homer and as wise as Tacitus, and while it is as readable as Voltaire's histories, it is as accurate as anything written in any language. Its characters seem as transparent to the reader as those of Shakespeare's plays."

In short, he likes the book.

Thomas Carlyle is not read nowadays so much as he used to be. David Alec

Wilson has bet his shirt on Carlyle's ability to come back; he has bet his whole life and fortune on this proposition, and the publishers have increased the bet by a large sum. I hope they are both right; but whether they are or not, this biography is worth buying and reading, for it is in a way a literary history of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Wilson was born at Glasgow in 1869. From 1883 to 1912 he was in the Indian Service; he was called to the Bar in 1890 and was a Judge from 1898 to 1912. He was educated in Glasgow and in London. He says, "Nothing to add to the above barren facts, except that I refused professional promotion and retired as soon as I could, to do the *Life of Carlyle*." In the preface to the First Volume, we learn that he began this vast work for his own amusement. "I collected for pleasure whatever could be known about Carlyle. . . . My trade was official work in Burma, where Europeans die sooner than at home, and I could not begin to write a 'Life' till after retirement. In the house of Prof. C. E. Norton, near Boston, in 1895, when he urged me to write at once, I had to answer: 'If I live to 1920 or so, a "Life" of Carlyle by me is sure to be written. If not, then Providence, whom it concerns, must find some other to do it.' 'What is done in 1920 cannot possibly concern me—nothing will interest me then,' he answered gravely."

Well, if Providence will give him one more year, we shall have the work complete, for only one more volume is to come. The first, "Carlyle till Marriage," 442 pages, appeared in 1923: the second, "Carlyle to 'The French Revolution,'" 434 pages, in 1924: the third, "Carlyle on Cromwell and Others," 421 pages, in 1925: the fourth, "Carlyle at his Zenith," 507 pages, in 1927: the present volume, "Carlyle to Threescore-and-Ten," 604

pages, in 1929. The next, sixth, last, will be called "Carlyle in Old Age."

Wilson's photograph shows a man equal to almost anything: energy in the brow and eyes, determination in the inflexible jaw.

Let me urge lovers of English literature to buy these books *now*. I have read every word of the five tomes, and have not yet found a dull page. Carlyle's personality is worth a close acquaintance; and Mr. Wilson has brought us into the room with him. We know him as well, as, thanks to Boswell, we know Johnson.

Furthermore we sit at the Chelsea tea-table with Tennyson, Browning, Mill, Emerson, Brookfield, Fitzgerald, Thackeray, Dickens, and many others. Carlyle and Woolner went to hear Dickens read; during the ten minutes interval, Dickens took his two guests to an inner room, where they had brandy and water. Carlyle raised his glass and said, "Charlie, you carry a whole company of actors under your own hat."

Some of Carlyle's comments. Of Scott: "Wattie turned the history of his country into an opera." After saying that Washington was a great man, he added: "I do not rate him very highly, however; certainly not to compare with Franklin." Of King Henry VIII: "I've always esteemed Henry to be a much maligned man. When I look into that broad yeoman-built face and see those brave blue eyes of his, as they are seen in the Holbein portrait, I must conclude that an honest soul resided within his sturdy body."

One of the best things he said was about tobacco, and it ought to comfort many who have by their doctors been forbidden to smoke. He complained of dyspepsia, and a friend suggested that perhaps excessive smoking did not help

him any. "Yes, and the doctors told me the same thing. I left off smoking and was very miserable; so I took to it again, and was very miserable still; but I thought it better to smoke and be miserable than to go without."

He attended a large dinner party where among the guests were the leading lawyers and statesmen of the day, and happening to mention the battle of Cheshme in 1770, he was horrified to discover that not a single one of "these distinguished persons had ever heard of it." Well, I never heard of it either, and what is more, I don't want to. My feelings were definitely expressed by my friend Colonel Nod Osborn, the accomplished journalist. A Yale student had endeavored to find out something about Shays's Rebellion. He asked a number of professors, who knew nothing about it: then he went to Colonel Osborn with the same question, and received the reply, "I know no more of it than your professors, and in addition, I don't care a damn."

To Samuel Longfellow, who made a mild plea for universal suffrage, Carlyle said with a smile, "Then in Jerusalem you would have given Jesus and Judas the same vote?"

He stopped shaving, and his wife told Thackeray's daughters, "All the time he has saved by ceasing to shave, he spends wandering about the house, bemoaning what's amiss in the universe." When Colonel Davidson, Tennyson, and Carlyle were discussing the contemporary Crimean War, Tennyson said, "The world is looking for the coming man." Davidson said, "The coming Man has already come, and they crucified Him." Carlyle said emphatically, "I quite agree with you."

Innumerable good stories are in this as in the other volumes. The Annandale

farmer fell on his knees and was praying for a dry hay time, when it suddenly began pouring. He immediately rose to his feet and exclaimed, "Oh, Lord, this is too ridiculous!"

Sulzer said to Frederick, "Men are by nature *good*." To which the king replied, "Ach, mein lieber Sulzer, Er kennt nicht diese verdammte Rasse."

Thanks are due to E. J. Trechmann for translating into English, with introduction and notes, "The Diary of Montaigne's Journey to Italy in 1580 and 1581." This is an attractive, well-printed volume of some 300 pages. *Verbum sap*, for those who know the Essays will devour this; and those who don't, ought to.

Montaigne died some time ago, and as Izaak Walton remarked of another, "Alas, that he is dead!" My favorite *living* humorist is P. G. Wodehouse. Of all persons now adding to the gaiety of nations, he is the best. It is real humor, unalloyed by any "purpose." And he is an accomplished novelist, invariably telling a good story, with an ingenious plot and living characters. His latest work is "Fish Preferred," in which we enter a land of pure delight.

Those who enjoyed "The Lunatic at Large," with its sequels, by J. S. Clouston, will find the latest book in that series, "The Lunatic in Love," equal to its predecessors.

The only possible excuse for a detective story is that it shall be continuously interesting; hence I condemn "Bowery Murder" and "Death at Four Corners." They are both ingenious and both dull. The prolific J. S. Fletcher also succeeded at last in writing a tedious novel—"Old Lattimer's Legacy," which I like least of all his four thousand books.

Genuine hair-raising thrillers are "The Five Flamboys," by Francis Beeding,

which opens with a knife in the back of the neck; "Footsteps in the Night," by G. Fraser-Simson, which keeps you at it; "The Alchemy Murder," by P. Oldfield; and the ever reliable E. D. Biggers has given us one of his best in "The Black Camel," which will particularly appeal to those who have been in Honolulu, and will particularly interest those who have not.

Meanwhile that amazingly entertaining story, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," has just been reissued, edited by E. Venables. The volume also includes Bunyan's Autobiography, "Grace Abounding." This is the fourth or fifth new edition of the Pilgrim in the last two years. It should be remembered that Bunyan was one of the very few literary artists capable of writing a sequel fully as good as the original book.

The two portly volumes, "Memories and Reflections," by the late Earl of Oxford and Asquith (H. H. Asquith) caught this reader in the first chapter and held him captive till the last page. Asquith was a first-rate specimen of a class more common in England than in America—the Scholar in politics. Taking high honors at Balliol, he was a cultivated gentleman, a Liberal leader, and for a long time Prime Minister. If it had not been for the war, he might have gone down in history as one of England's most successful Prime Ministers; but the war was too much for him. He was not a pacifist like Lord Morley and John Burns; he had no conscientious scruples, no more than Grey. He never forgave Lloyd George for taking the Premiership away from him, actually doing the thing that Lincoln said could not be done—swapping horses to advantage while crossing the river. Rough days demand rough men. In civilized times, Asquith made an excellent Prime

Minister; but when a nation relapses into barbarism, as every nation does in war, then the situation calls for a more aggressive and brutal leader, like Lloyd George, Lord Fisher, or Winston Churchill. The moment Lloyd George took hold, and called for a "knockout," things began to move.

But this very lack of uncompromising, driving force made Asquith a more interesting man to know. A one-track mind may please its owner, but it is neither attractive nor interesting to others. Hamlet was more interesting than Talbot, and in 1914-18 Asquith might almost have said with the Dane,

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right!"

Apart from the book's great value as a contribution to history by one who helped make it, and as a revelation of the mind of a noble gentleman, it abounds in diverting anecdotes.

"Elizabeth told us of an American girl, who spoke scoffingly of the Ten Commandments: 'They don't tell you what you ought to do, and only put ideas into your head.'"

"Northcliffe, who is somewhere in the Pacific, is said to have telegraphed the King that he was about to join the Roman Catholic Church. The King's alleged reply was, I thought, excellent: 'Well, well—I can't help it.'"

And with the one exception of Charlie Towne's incomparable story of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, I can't remember any more diverting typographical error than Asquith's note of a revivalist rally.

"The meeting then broke up, but a large crowd remained on the platform and sang lustily Rock of Ages for two hours." (crow for crowd).

Asquith's comments on literature are invariably interesting; and the following one particularly so to me, for my

favorite Shakespeare sonnet has always been the one mentioned here.

"In a casual moment I took up a volume of sonnets, and came haphazard on Shakespeare's 'No longer mourn for me when I am dead.' There are only two trisyllables in the whole sonnet, and by far the largest number of words are monosyllables: and what a wonderful effect!"

He quotes a series of infelicitous remarks on American literature by the author of "Tom Brown's School Days."

"There is a characteristic example of Hughes's instinctive sympathies in his preface to the first English edition of Lowell's 'Biglow Papers.' 'In Lowell,' he says, 'the American mind has for the first time flowered out into thoroughly original genius.' He passes in review the earlier achievements of the 'American mind'; the 'airy grace' of Washington Irving; the 'original power which will perhaps be better appreciated at a later day' of Fenimore Cooper; the 'dramatic power' of Mr. Hawthorne, 'mixed with a certain morbidness and bad taste which debar him from ever attaining to the first rank'; the 'originality' of Mr. Emerson, 'coupled with a singular metallic style,' producing one of the 'best counterfeits of genius that has been seen for many a day.' But for real genius he asserts with emphasis that the 'Biglow Papers' stand alone.

"Writing, I hope, with becoming diffidence, and remembering with thankful admiration the great contributions with which gifted American writers—Walt Whitman, Bret Harte, Henry and William James, Edith Wharton (to name only a few)—have, since 1880, enriched the literature of the English-speaking world, I am by no means sure that the supremacy of Lowell's masterpiece has yet been successfully assailed."

While I should not for a moment consider Lowell as an equal of Emerson or Hawthorne, it is certain that those Americans who have forgotten the Biglow papers do not rate them sufficiently high.

The Asquith volumes have an excellent index, but they are far too heavy to

hold comfortably. I shall keep up the campaign for light books until I die or until the publishers have mercy. Winston Churchill's volumes are a model of the art of publishing.

The Blue Ribbon lectures in English Literature, for an invitation to deliver them is the highest compliment to a man of letters, are on the Clark Foundation at Trinity College, Cambridge. The six lectures were given in May, 1928, by the accomplished Frenchman, André Maurois; the subject, "Aspects of Biography." M. Maurois delivered the addresses in English; in preparing them for book form he rewrote them in French, and they have been translated by Sydney Castle Roberts. They are easy reading, and contain interesting suggestions. It is a good book, but of all the works by this genial writer I prefer his novel, "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble."

In these iconoclastic days it was certain that the reputation of no writer would be safe from the nibbling teeth of depreciation. But I confess I was rather surprised to hear that Professor Garrod, of Oxford, had attacked Jane Austen. He will not admit she was a "great" writer; it seems that her competence and ethical standards irritate him. What is the best comment to make on such a confession? In the language of King George, "Well, well—I can't help it."

The professor, however, is not any happier in his faint praise than in his blame. He reluctantly says she was probably kind to children. Now to all readers of Jane Austen, one of the most impressive of her dislikes was to see children made much of in company; or to hear them talked about, or their bright sayings quoted by fond mothers. She felt very strongly there was nothing in



worse taste than to allow children to interrupt good conversation among men and women, or to have them brought into the room to be admired.

The poet, critic, parodist, essayist, J. C. Squire, editor of the London *Mercury*, appeared in New Haven a few weeks ago, and we had good talk about current literature in Great Britain and in America. He is a warm admirer of Sinclair Lewis's "Dodsworth." Mr. Squire is the sole editor, manager, proprietor of *The Mercury*, which is the only monthly magazine I know of exclusively devoted to literature and the fine arts. It was founded for that purpose and has never swerved.

The American magazine editor, Periton Maxwell, resigns from *The Theatre Magazine* to become editor-publisher of a "new illustrated monthly publication of unique character, de luxe quality and national interest and circulation," the first number of which will appear this autumn.

If any one imagines that Shakespeare on the stage has lost his popularity, this editorial from the New York *Sun* will be reassuring.

#### SHAKESPEARE IN GERMAN

"During the last week more interesting incidents seemed to have happened on other Broadways, to use Ward Morehouse's phrase, than here in New York. A statistician has ascertained that during the last year there were 1,886 performances of Shakespearean plays in German on 149 stages in Germany, Switzerland, Austria and German-speaking districts of other countries. Comedies came first in popularity, with tragedies second and the historical dramas lagging far behind. 'Twelfth Night' won first place with 273 performances. Then came 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' with 159, 'The Merchant of Venice' with 153, 'The Taming of the Shrew' with 117 and 'As You Like It' with ninety-

one performances. Of the tragedies, 'Romeo and Juliet' had 116 performances and 'Hamlet' was played ninety times.

"Speaking of 'Hamlet,' it was the late A. B. Walkley who pointed out that Polonius is a colossal bore. Walkley wrote this in an essay on 'Enchanting Bores.' 'Shakespeare's bores,' he added, 'are notoriously among his best things.' On his list of Shakespeare's bores Walkley put Dogberry and Verges, Shallow and Slender, Silence, Launcelot Gobbo, the ghost of Hamlet's father, Prospero, when he was not reciting 'gorgeous poetry,' and even Falstaff, sometimes, when he is acted on the stage."

The distinguished American novelist and Shakespearean scholar, Charles D. Stewart, of Hartford, Wisconsin, gives me a valuable explanation of one of the most famous puzzles in Shakespeare, the word *ducdame*.

"Professor W. H. Wilcox of Muskingum College, Ohio, wants to know whether that line of poetry, or song,

'Come hither, come hither, come hither!'

should not be interpreted as imitating a bird's call. Most certainly it should. The first stanza begins—

'Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither;'

"This now puts me 'up against it' as the one who will have to produce the proof. I shall do so by explaining the significance of that totally unconquered and famous crux—

'Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;'

This you will recognize as the refrain of the song that Jaques sings just after Amiens has sung the one with 'the sweet bird's throat' in it.

"The point that Shakespeare is driving at here, in all these lines, is a point of character as well as of the true nature of

poetry. As we know, Jaques is a critic, a cynic, a mere intellectual dilettante. He has trifled with life on all its sides and has ended in a cult of world-weariness and superior sophistication. He makes an amusing contrast to these other folk in the play, with their new, fresh appreciation of life interpreted in terms of romance and poetry here in the green-wood.

"But the point about Jaques, aside from the fact that he is a thinker with no great amount of thought, is that there is not a trace of poetry in his nature. He tries to make up for the lack of it by an artificial sort of sentimental and sweetly melancholic thinking. He would fain be a thinker. But as for poetic feeling and insight, he is completely described for us in that line that says he is 'compact of jars.' (Act II, scene 7.) That is, he is all made up of disharmony, jarring discord, a complete lack of the poetic sense.

"Now, when Amiens sings that green-wood song, with its refrain so bird-like in its music, Jaques burlesques it with another, as follows:

'If it do come to pass  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease  
A stubborn will to please  
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he,  
And if he will come to me.'

"And so we have that great Shakespearean crux, upon which so much brain has been spent—What is the meaning of ducdame?

"It has the same meaning as 'come hither,' but from a different standpoint. Any one who has been present when a jackass threw his head over the fence and called to his mate across the river—as I have heard many an Ohio Jack call across that same Muskingum at Zanes-

ville—knows what a lusty jackass sounds like. It sounds like an old dry, wooden pump with the sucker out of order—it is harsh, mechanical, cacophonous. It is the opposite of the bird-like, and reminds one of unsinging, sudden and pumping sounds such as Shakespeare has put in the song of the jackass—*ducdame, ducdame, ducdame*. As in the first song the mention of the bird leads to the refrain 'come hither, come hither, come hither,' so in the second song, the mention of the ass leads to the asinine refrain. The significance of it all is twofold. Shakespeare is illustrating the poetic or lyrical as compared with the cacophonous; and again it is a study in character in which this man, 'compact of jars,' is impervious to the arts of song."

Everybody is taking in these days the sun cure, "breast and back as either should be." But did you know that the Sun will also cure *pianos* in the very last phase of decay and ruin? In our Michigan summer home, we have an upright of good manufacture, bought in 1892. Having neglected it for some fifteen years and leaving it in a house closed for nine months every year, in a room with a temperature far below freezing point, and being unable to get any response out of more than half the keys, I was thinking of transforming it into a writing desk, where it would send out notes of a different kind. But lo! there appears upon the scene Mr. Hey of Bad Axe—the county town. He said "she is not dead but sleepeth." And I laughed him to scorn. He deftly removed her entrails, took them into the garden and exposed them for several hours to the healing rays of the sun. He then tuned the instrument, and we have one of the best pianos in America. It is in perfect tune

and keeps its pitch. Its tones are resonant and mellow. The Sun is a miracle-worker. To think that it could create a soul under those ribs of death—that I should hear again that familiar melodious voice, after it had been silent fifteen years. "Certain bells, now mute, can jingle," said Browning.

From Miss Elizabeth Needham, of Santa Fé, N. M.:

"Have you seen the advertisement of the Book-Cadillac Hotel in the 'National Geographic'? I was puzzled at first by its familiarity to me; then I hunted up Kenneth Grahame's 'Dream Days,' and read the end of 'The Twenty-first of October,' where Selina 'drifted into that quaint inconsequent country where you may meet your own pet hero strolling down the road, and commit what hair-brained oddities you like, and everybody understands and appreciates.'

"Truly, advertising is a quaint inconsequent country where you may meet your own pet author disguised as 'copy' for a hotel!"

From Miss Ophelia B. McLemore, of Memphis, Tenn.:

#### AN ASTER FROM TENNESSEE

"This is my story—one that stays with me these 20 years: A missionary to China gave a stirring address to an audience in a church in the middle section of Tennessee. As we were leaving, a goodly soul filled and fired with the message we had just heard, caught my arm and pressed her face close to mine, saying in hushed tones, 'O, I wish all our young people could hear this. I just told my little Charles that I had rather he would go to *China as to* do anything on earth.' From that moment that woman became to me a China aster. I nominate this expression 'I rather do this *as to* do that,' which seems indigenous to certain sections of Tennessee, as the most formidable candidate for the most Ignoble Prize. It just gets my goat every time I hear it. And those who use it have always a superior air.

"P. S. Can't something be done with persons who habitually use 'suspicioned' as a verb? My pain is great when I hear 'I suspicioned something was wrong.'"

One of my correspondents nominated the phrase "First Lady of the Land," which draws a response from Miss Blanche Wappat, of Pittsburgh:

"Let's keep it. We have all too little left from America's Age of Innocence. 'First lady of the land'—Can't we see all the pageant of hoop skirts, bustles, 'waterfalls,' dignified be-whiskered presidents, leg-o-mutton sleeves, magnificent receptions in gas-lighted rooms—all the pageant of the sentimental seventies, the self-conscious eighties, the mauve nineties? Why should we discard a title that makes us remember all those dear decades when a lady was a lady and an uncovered ankle was anathema? Of course it's sentimental. But it has quiet dignity and truth also. Let's keep it, for awhile anyway. Maybe a better title will be found by the new generation of newspaper men! '*Mistress of the White House*' suggested by your Connecticut correspondent, sounds vaguely scandalous."

A new word is suggested by Robert J. Summers of Buffalo:

"Recently I was asked to supply the verb to describe the optical effect of rear vision automobile mirrors which you will recall make objects appear smaller. On the spur of the moment I suggested 'microfy.' The Century & Webster's give 'minify,' but as this term has no optical associations similar to magnify, I suggest 'microfy' as the better word. I am conscious that a certain illegitimacy attaches itself to this verbal infant by reason of the canon 'gainst the union of its linguistic parents. I feel sure, however, that no lingering shreds of Puritanical squeamishness will prevent you becoming its literary Godfather, if otherwise you are convinced that despite its parentage it has any gapfilling quality."

Mr. C. H. Benjamin of Altadena, Calif., calls our attention to an *agronomist*, one who "can make ten words grow where one grew before." The American Society of Agronomy receives extended notice in an interesting article in *Science* for May 17.

Mrs. William S. Case, of Hartford,



points (not with pride) to a huge advertisement in that fair city:

#### HARTFORD'S CATHEDRAL OF FEM- ININE FOOTWEAR

The Honorable B. G. Lowrey, formerly Member of Congress from Mississippi, and also President of Blue Mountain College in that State, is calling the attention of Northern philanthropists and to all who are interested in education, to the dire need of the small colleges of the South. The small college does work that cannot be done elsewhere, because it furnishes education to young men and women in the same locality, who otherwise would grow up without it, for they are not able to go to a distant university. Besides Blue Mountain, which needs all the help it can get, there is at Greeneville, Tenn., a college founded in the eighteenth century, with a fine history and tradition, Tusculum. Rich men who are eager to help American boys and girls might with advantage look into the conditions and standards of the small colleges of the South.

What are the seven wonders of the city of New York? A questionnaire was recently sent out and I learn from the New York *Herald Tribune* the result of the poll thus far. Votes came in with the Wonders in this order:

- Water supply system
- Woolworth Building
- Subway System
- Metropolitan Museum of Art
- Brooklyn Bridge
- Skyline
- Grand Central Station
- Statue of Liberty
- Medical Centre
- Cathedral of St. John the Divine

If we imagine that another wonder of New York, Chicago, and other cities might be the number of successful hold-

ups, we should remember that recently in Rumania an entire railroad was stolen! I don't mean in the transfer of shares, I mean literally. Tracks, rolling stock, and signals were carried off piecemeal, until the entire system had disappeared. So said a dispatch from Bucharest.

One of my former pupils, Stuart R. Strong, of Portland, Oregon, informs me that a story I told him many years ago is a myth.

"I remember your telling a very interesting story about the large salary paid to one of the Pullman girls, when she was young, for the naming of the different Pullman cars. The story always made a big impression on me and I have told it many times, but now, I am sorry to say, tho an excellent story, it is not true.

"Perhaps I should not be so cruel in depriving you of the joy of telling the story, but I met Mrs. Lowden yesterday and asked her if it were true that she had named the Pullman cars when she was a young woman. She laughed and said that that story had a wide circulation and that she had been interviewed on it even recently, but as a matter of fact, she had never named a single Pullman car and had never received a cent for that purpose.

"She added that she felt she could name them better than a great many of them had been named, and also added that she had received letters from hundreds of women offering to do the work for half the salary she received.

"I hope it does not disappoint you that I should burst this bubble, but I know you always stand for the truth."

Many Scribnerians are certain to spend part of the coming autumn, or winter, or spring, in Italy; hence this letter on Asolo from Miss Ellen Vinton, of Washington, D. C., ought to be helpful:

"Last May, in Florence, I determined to go to Asolo. The Blue Book mentioned a bus from Castel-Franco. There I could see the Georgione Madonna. The bus, a local affair, unknown to either the American Express

Company or Cook, proved to be all one could ask. Not so picturesque as a horse chaise, but much cooler on a very warm morning. About ten o'clock, on Sunday, we left the beautiful old square of Castel-Franco and drove through the lovely wooded country. We climbed the hill and drove to the square at Asolo, under the tower of 'Kate, the Queen.' Here we met a man who had been in America as a workman. He directed us to a charming inn, the Alto Terre, on the Via Robert Browning. My host, who spoke excellent English, took us to a loggia on the top floor, looking over Paduan Plain on one hand and off to the Alps on the other. Here surrounded by flowers and vines, we rested and read 'Pippa Passes.' After luncheon, we went for a drive through the beautiful old town, saw Duse's grave, the silk mills and the villa of Barrett Browning."

#### FANO CLUB

Professor and Mrs. Percy Smith, of Yale, devoted to mathematics and music, to facts and ideas, to accuracy and beauty, write from Fano, "Crossed the Rubicon yesterday, en route to Fano. Saw your Guardian Angel this morning." After ten years in Italy, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Maynard finally qualify, as brands plucked from the burning; they live in the Eternal City. A poetical quartette from Flemington, N. J., from Jersey City, and from Wayne, Pa., write:

"There once was a party of Four,  
Who said, 'We all should adore  
Famed Fano to view,  
And THE Angel, too—  
Sure, Heaven can hold nothing more.'"

They wrote this after seeing the picture. Their names: Mrs. Kate P. Ware, Mrs. Katrina Ware Case, Mrs. Alvoni R. Allen, Miss Anna Nevins.

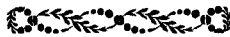
It will be remembered that Professor and Mrs. Henry A. Perkins, of Trinity College, Hartford, being the only Americans who have ever seen the Scandinavian town of Fanø, have at last fulfilled their dream. They write not from Fanø this time, but from Fano:

"The President and founders of the Fanø Club to the President and Founder of the Fano Club, Greetings: *Sono en fine veramente Fano—senza blague!*—and I like it very much. The Peruginos in the church Santa Maria Nuova are exquisite—especially the Madonna and Saints. Also I like the Giovanni Santi. I shall have to admit that Fano beats Fanø in works of art and architectural charm. Poor Fanø has had no Phelps or Browning to sing its praises. However there are those that love it, sandy though it be! (How is that for a mixed quotation?)"

My harmless remark that the bitter shafts of cynical disdain shot by the late Ambrose Bierce might fittingly be called Bierce-Arrows, draws from George S. Fowler (*adv't*) the comment that such and all similar passages in this column be named

#### SQUIBNEERS

For example, said he, you might say that those bitter criticisms are called Bierce-Arrows because they put light on the offenders.



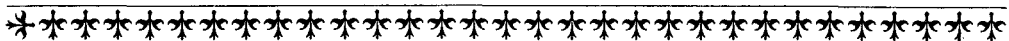
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## THE FIELD OF ART

# English Sculpture and Alfred Gilbert

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



THE earlier figures salient in English sculpture are of foreign origin. History most appreciatively takes account of the Italian Torrigiano, making the tomb of Henry VII in Westminster Abbey, or it pauses upon the facile eighteenth century Frenchman Roubillac, disciple of Coustou, pouring forth an amazing profusion of statues and "bustos" which, if not precisely great, have at all events high merit. The raciest things in this field are the purely decorative carvings, the full-blown flowers and fruits, of Grinling Gibbons—and he was born in Holland. The court and aristocracy long looked abroad for carvers in stone and wood, workers in bronze and lead, just as in painting they looked to a Holbein, a Rubens, a Van Dyck. And for some reason, too obscure to encourage speculation, it was in painting—or in architecture—rather than in sculpture, that the artistic genius of the country was destined to excel. Plastic art was to rear up no native portent like Wren or like Hogarth to match the major practitioners of the Continent. This is to be said of the old historic epochs and it is to be said almost as decisively of those generations which we call modern. Almost but not quite.

Alfred Stevens, an "eminent Victorian," was a sculptor of great powers. I have seen both of his masterpieces in London, the famous mantel at Dorchester House and the monument to Wellington at St. Paul's. The sustaining figures in the former have a Michael An-

gelesque strength and distinction, conceived with something of the largeness and boldness of the Italian master and quite untouched by the rhetorical exaggeration into which emulation of him so often passes. They are naturally and spontaneously modelled in the grand style and they are enveloped in a beautiful simplicity. The Wellington deserves more generous treatment than it has received in St. Paul's, where its mass and its details alike require more space and better illumination. Handicapped as it is, it nevertheless leaves the impression of an artist who saw his problem at once sculpturally and architecturally, in both directions having the vision of a designer. His range embraced refinement of line and a certain noble impressiveness in form. One would hardly surmise that he had, as a matter of fact, spent some time under Thorwaldsen, his art is so much more vitalized, it is so much more "of the centre." The fame of Stevens is British rather than world-wide. European criticism has no such cult for him as has been developed by English writers. Dying at fifty-seven, as far back as 1875, he never made the international stir made by, say, Rodin. Yet though they are poles apart in respect to style, the Englishman opposing an almost classic reserve to the Frenchman's fluid impressionism, Stevens is at bottom, I think, possessed of quite as much original force as his rival across the Channel. He was, to sum up, a truly creative type. He left no direct successors, no followers to re-